

VINTAGE DIRGE

STOCKHORN

I

... departs

... in our hearts;

... into Day,

... who can say?

... None;

... Star and Sun,

... silent way.

II.

... within me spoke,

... it should longer ache;

... Night, nor day,

... far away,

... that lead astray;

... come and so depart—

... woes that heal the heart."

Christian Union.

## LITERARY NOTES.

**AMERICAN CRITICISM.**—"The late Mr. George Eliot said, in talking of novels, 'says the N. Y. Tribune,' 'I think "Wuthering Heights" the greatest novel ever written, "Romola" the most beautiful, and "Vanity Fair" the deepest.'

"A MAN," said Deschanel, "can only work with satisfaction to himself with his own books." A poor man goes without dinner for a fortnight to purchase a book. "Why not?" said a friend "read it at the Astor?" His reply in the true spirit of the craft, was, "I can only read books that I have bought."

**AMERICAN TREASURES.**—Americans now like the best purchasers of rare and costly books at the European sales, and our libraries already contain treasures many of which hardly can be duplicated.

**AMERICAN BOOKS.**—"It is difficult to avoid repeating the fatigued quotation, 'Who reads an American book?' says the N. Y. Evening Post, 'when one glances through the advertising columns of the English literary weeklies, and as one notices the steady and yet rapid increase in the number of American books reprinted or at least republished in England.' Perhaps the *Spectator* is the most abundant and the most kindly in its criticism of American books; but the *Saturday Review* lags not far behind. In the number of this journal dated January 31st there are twelve long book reviews, of which five are devoted to American publications—four wholly and one almost entirely; and no one of these articles is unfriendly in tone."

**THE SECRET OF FAME.**—"After Lockhart's return from a German tour which he made in 1818, he told Scott, says the *Evening Post*, 'that he had had the greatest difficulty in finding Goethe's residence at Weimar. The first person he asked stated as if he had never heard the name before. Goethe—the great poet,' added the inquirer by way of explanation; but the man only shook his head, and looked more puzzled than before. The landlady of the inn at which Lockhart was staying happened to overhear his questions, and solved the difficulty by suggesting that perhaps the English gentleman meant 'Herr Privy Counsellor Goethe.' In the eyes of the good people of Weimar Goethe the official personage quite dwarfed and obscured Goethe the poet. Scott laughed heartily when he heard the story, and said to his future son-in-law, 'I hope you will come and see me one of these days at Abbotsford, and when you touch Selkirk or Melrose be sure you take the landlady for nobody but the Sheriff.'"

**GRAND AUTHORS WHO WROTE NOVELS.**—None of our English thinkers of the first, second, or even third rank," says Frederic Harrison in *Fortnightly Review*, "have resorted to romance as a vehicle of thought. The only possible exceptions that occur to me are Scott, Dr. Johnson, and Miss Martin. But 'Guilliver,' 'Rasselas,' and 'Doubtless' are romances only by courtesy for their authors. Abroad there have been examples of men of highest intellectual force who have written novels. Of these, one only—Goethe has written a true novel in a way worthy of himself. And it is to Wilhelm Meister, that we may most aptly go for analogies to the George Eliot cycle of novels. Of course, as poets, as a secular force of European rank, Goethe himself stands apart. But in his 'Wilhelm Meister' we have those meditations upon life, human nature, and society, that supreme culture, and a certain Shakespearian way of looking down upon the world as from a vantage-ground afar, which again and again recur in George Eliot and give her the unique impression of toque mystery among modern novelists. Then again, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot wrote prose fictions which may be a stretch of language be called novels. But the wit of 'Candide,' the pathos of the 'Religieuse,' the passion of 'Heloise,' do not make them fit to be placed beside 'Silas Marner' as a complete gem of art in the frug field of romance. Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Carlyle, may take rank above George Eliot in the sum of the intel-

lectual impulse they gave to their time, but none of them, unless it be the author of the 'Miserables,' can be said to be her equal in the painting of real life and actual manners.

"**BLUE STOCKINGS.**—"It will probably surprise those not already aware of the fact to learn that the first person to whom the opprobrious epithet 'Blue Stocking' was applied was a man. He earned the title, not by a studious life, nor by the stores of knowledge he possessed, but simply by his partiality for hose of the celestial hue. The story, as usually told, is thus: In the year 1774 this gentleman was a constant attendant at the receptions given by Mrs. Montague, and invariably wore blue stockings, which the quaint dress of the time displayed to advantage, and which won for him in time the sobriquet of 'Blue Stockings.' By degrees the other frequenters of Mrs. Montague's receptions began to be associated with him in the title, and the 'Blue Stocking Club' as it was called, became widely known as the haunt of all wit and learning of the day. Had Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet known that by his fatal fondness for blue stockings he was found a term of reproach for inoffensive students in ages to come, and that accomplished women—the very race whose society he appreciated—would be the objects of a nickname, he would undoubtedly have stifled his craving after that ill-fated color, and worn hose of pink, green, or yellow.

**THACKERAY'S PORTRAIT.**—"Apropos of the drawings of the late Frederick Walker, which are now, or were lately, on exhibition at the sign of the Rembrandt's Head in Vigo Street, a correspondent of a London journal tells, 'the *Mail and Express*, a pleasant little story of Thackeray: two back views of whom figure, or figured, in this exhibition. Fred Walker was predominantly a shy man. He had no exalted opinion of his own ability, and was very modest and unassuming. He had got from a friend a letter of introduction to Thackeray, and was almost afraid to present it. One day he ventured upon the editor, and had the dreaded interview. Thackeray was at that time publishing a novel, 'Love! Love! the Widower,' in the *Cornhill*. Some of his own illustrations lay before him. Walker had been seeking employment as an illustrator. 'What do you think of these?' said Thackeray, handing the drawings over. Walker thought them very poor, and in his shyness, and from his inability to pay a compliment, said so. Thackeray knew human nature too well to mistake a motive. He saw at once how matters stood. 'Come, he said, 'you have criticised my work, and now you shall draw my portrait,' and then he stood with his back to the artist, looking out of the window." The correspondent adds to this kindly story that a modification of this sketch was afterwards used as the initial letter in one of the 'Roundabout Papers.'

"Mr. John Morley"—says the *Review Politique et Litteraire*—"the editor of the biographical series of 'English Men of Letters,' the former editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*—the author of the best, we might almost say the only, biography of Diderot, is one of the largest-minded, most enlightened men of contemporary England. He is a Frenchman, a rare thing in England, even among those who consider themselves most French. Among English writers none have felt with such force, and none have expressed with such delicacy, the charms of France." As philosopher he is a man of the eighteenth century, of which he possesses both the generosity and the enthusiasm for the ideal combined with the tolerance of the nineteenth century; and with the grave morality, the profound sense of the permanence of our actions, and the responsibility of each generation to its successors which fill the works of George Eliot, and which enable us ever to see the child of the Puritans behind the English encyclopedist. As a writer he possesses 'communicative eloquence, the more attractive because sustained'; he obtains the effects of the most powerful style by mere force of 'sober elevation of thought.'

The first edition of 150,000 copies of the first volume of General Grant's memoirs is now in the hands of the printers, J. J. Little & Co., Astor Place. The binding of this large edition is given by contract to three of the largest binders in the city; 50,000 copies, or one-third of the edition, is given to Thomas Russell, of Rose street. It is not unlikely that another edition of equal number will be ordered, as soon as the one now being made is finished. Mr. Russell says that the publishers have already received orders for about two hundred thousand sets, or four hundred thousand volumes, and that the present contracts are the largest binding contracts ever given in this country for the first edition of any work. The binding alone of this edition will give employment to 300 men and women, for over two months.

"Never mind; I don't judge you by the ordinary standard!"

"Well, the fact is, my cousin is also in Scotland. I feared if I gave my true name at the hotel at whi I stayed on my way here, mighty likely she'd see it, and look up in the telephone."

"Well, and what if he did?"

"I can't tell you. I hate to know I feel like it. But I always, perhaps without cause, am afraid of him—and this place is horribly lonely."

"Now that I understand the meaning of his words I thought the boy must be joking; but when he paused for a moment in his merry talk, I blushed, and looked rather ashamed. 'I scarcely like to tell you; you will think I'm a bit absurd!'

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## CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

[TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.]

PART THE FIRST.

## CHAPTER III.

In the spring of 1865 I went down to Bournemouth, to see for the last time an old friend who was dying of consumption. During a great part of the journey down I had the pleasure of his company, and, I must say, genitelyman of about 40 years of age.

We were alone in the compartment, and after interchanging some small civilities, such as the barter of newspapers, I sat down to conversation.

My fellow traveler seemed to be an intellectual man, and well posted up in the doings of the day. He talked fluently and easily on various topics, judging by his talk, must have moved in refined society. Although I fancied his features long traces of his living and dissipation, he was not unprepossessing in appearance. The greatest faults in his face were the remarkable thinness of his lips, and his eyes being a shade closer together than one care to see. With a simple acquaintance such peculiarities are of course ones who care to see. With a friend, however, such a friend as myself, I should not care one whit to let him go.

At this time the English public were much interested in an important case which was now being tried. The reverie to a vast sum of money depended upon the testator's sanity or insanity. Like most other people, we duly discussed the matter. I asked, friend, if you were of my opinion, my companion understood that I was a doctor. He asked me a good many technical questions, and I described several curious cases of mania which had come under my notice. He seemed greatly interested in the subject.

"You must sometimes find it hard to say where sanity ends and insanity begins," he said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, I have known it hard to define the boundary line in some instances hard to define."

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